

SENIOR
BOSTER

JUNE
'17



RL

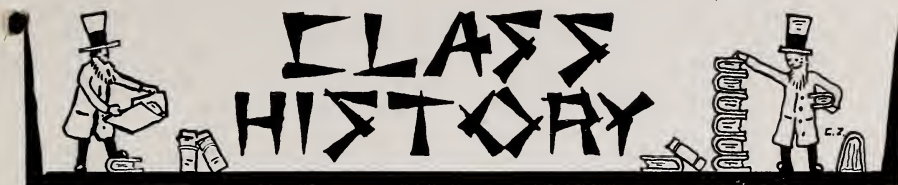


To all in the Emmerich
Manual Training
High School who are
in any manner striving
to aid their country in
the present crisis, we
dedicate this Senior
Booster.

CLASS OFFICERS



"SUCCESS CROWNS EFFORT"

**October 9—**

When it comes to record breaking, here's to the Allies' General Kleeman, commander-in-chief of the Allied forces, in his speedy attack today, was victorious over General Von Fechtman and his followers, among them the well-known Miss Uhl. What's more, all down the ranks, the positions fell into the Allies' power. (At least we'll say it did.) Charlotte Uhl, surviving the attack, changed her colors and was elected Kleeman's assistant. Hazel Grady was selected to write the numerous notes needed from time to time, and the Honorable Mr. Edward Gass was chosen to use his magnetic personality in extracting all the money that might be needed, from the tearful members of said forces.

All's well that begins well.

October 27—

Of course, so classy an organization as ours needed a color, a real-for-sure color. The boys, poor at sighting, must needs endeavor to have something that could be seen at least at one mile's distance, and immediately voted for peacock blue. (Imagine it!) It is dreadful to think what might have happened if the regiment, composed for the most part of girls and a few artistic souls, had not come to the rescue and obtained the right color for their standard—garnet.

October 31—

Because of the great consternation among some of Mr. Faust's fair admirers, a council was held by the same at three o'clock in the cloak room of Room 9. The subject discussed was "Where Did It Go?" After a lengthy debate it was decided that he must have lost it on his way to Virginia.

November 2—

Extra! The June Seniors with flying colors, appeared in a body today at the January '17's celebration of Ivy day. Mr. McComb made his first Ivy day speech and the awe-inspiring president, George Littell, presented our pompous president with the silver trowel. Later the step-ladder trio made their debut into society and an eighth wonder was added to the seven famed wonders of the world. Gerald Watson held up his head!

November 12—

Did anyone notice that it has begun to grow again?

November 17—

Was it a success? I should say so. Maybe it was "like a Penal Farm." Everybody had the best time ever. Pink is very becoming to Mr. Money's complexion. Indeed, he looked very well in his pink apron with the extra large pockets. We hope, however, that when he really begins cooking, he will have an apron that covers more space.

November 21—

It looks something like a baseball diamond and yet they don't play baseball in Japan. It's individual, original and unusual. That is No. 20, the June '17 class pin.

P. S.—Don't be insulted about the baseball diamond. It is not supposed to be large enough for Cy Clark to play on.

November 26—

Norris Wagaman says a person can see it clear across the room now. It surely is doing well.

December 15—

Early this morning, the appearance of the newly organized Fireman's Union or, better known of late as "The Blue Shirt Brigade," caused much excitement in the halls of Manual. It was announced that membership belonged exclusively to the world famous stars, Omar York, Edward Gass, and William Foley. Owing

to some remarks accidentally dropped about concerning the three members of said organization, the brigade disbanded until further notice.

December 21—

Alas! it disappeared again last night. Great sorrow filled the hearts of the pupils in Room 28.

January 6—

Today success crowned our efforts and a sunburst rose on our class.

January 13—

A well-trained pompadour is a needed requisite for a yell leader and having duly considered this fact, we chose Howard Kennecke for the yell leader of our class.

February 9—

History was made at our meeting this afternoon. Famous people filled its pages. Having recovered from the effects of Gass, we selected Lawrence Brink, the great mathematician, to care for the large sum in our treasury.

We also decided that Norman Littell is the only one able to gaze into the crystal globe and to foretell the hidden and mysterious future, since we learned that he has had vast experience as a prophetic seer having used the above mentioned globe to prove all his most lengthy and notorious arguments.

At the same time Hazel Pennington proved the logical person to draw up the class will, as her wisdom and knowledge is so great along these lines that it was impossible to choose any other.

February 18—

Imagine our surprise when we discovered that a new name has been added to the cradle-roll of the Emmerich Manual Training High School. It is Archibald Leo Hegener. We all thought he was a freshie but he really is an English teacher.

April 19—

One of the proud days of our senior year has now come and gone. We are sure our Ivy will grow, for it certainly rained enough and we sang earnestly enough to make that small vine cover the whole south portion of the building.

May 10—

Who knew our class held such actors and actresses? My, it was enjoyable! That was what everyone said. After the play it developed that Emmet Kelly has decided to become an instructor of amateur performers in "How to Fall Gracefully off of the Stage." Lessons were also given on "How to Help Yourself to Ice Cream."

May 16—

The ice cream was paid for.

May 18—

Today is Foolishness day and we're all acting natural. When I finish, more fools will appear, some lost in a forest, others mentally misplaced.

This is almost our last chance to be together as a body; any way we say to you, January '18's, that we hope you will leave this school as we are leaving it, with the knowledge that here are the best teachers and here is the best school in the whole United States.

Helen Smith.

BOBBY CONTRIBUTES

Large beautiful bouquets of wilted dandelions made an artistic decoration at the home of Mr. Cy Clarke ——— Kenwood avenue, when he entertained the members of the Tiddlie-wink Club last Saturday afternoon. The guests were entertained by playing "button, button, button, who's got the button," Mr. Bill Foley taking away the first prize, which was a beautiful light-haired, blue-eyed doll. Mr. Hank Morgan took the booby prize, which was a

big, bright, red and white balloon. Warm milk and graham crackers were served, much to the enjoyment of everyone. The other members of the club are Ralph Scanlin, president; Bud Gass, secretary-treasurer; Johnny Fitzgerald, Peg Kelly, and Fechtman. The next meeting will be held at the home of Mr. Johnny Fitzgerald, next Saturday afternoon. All those who are going, are requested to notify the hostess.

IVY DAY

APRIL 19th

Were our Ivy Day exercises a success? Yes, it did rain all morning and we had just resigned ourselves to an indoor procession when, lo! and behold! to the joy of all, at 2:15 all rain stopped and we marched in a double line with our country's flag, our school flag, and our class banner all floating before us, to our ivy vine by the shop door, and then around the building, entering the outside auditorium door, across the stage, each saluting his country's flag as he passed, and then up the center aisle, taking our places in the front seats. The Ivy Day program, referred to in a previous issue of the Booster, was then given. The following words, taken from Mr. McComb's speech in acceptance of the ivy vine, were the marked feature of the program:

"* * * My attention at noon time was challenged by a question I saw on a small placard on the wall. These were the words: 'The United States of America. What do these words mean to you?' This question has been rolling itself over in my mind ever since I saw it. And to every one of us at this time the very phrase 'United States of America' means much. * * * Some of the first things on a day like this which would probably spring to the mind of most of us are that it means opportunity; it suggests to us ideals of lofty patriotism, honor and devotion and it suggests to each individual one thing that no one knows but himself. There is an ideal question we shall all need to be asking ourselves more and more seriously, no doubt, in the next few months—What does the United States of America mean to us? And I want to couple with that on this occasion in your mind one other question—What does the Emmerich Manual Training High School mean to you? If we could examine the heart of each one of us, I rather think that we would find some common quality in the answers to that last question as—A place of opportunity, a place of training. It means a time of joyous, happy life, of preparation; it means a time when we are getting ready for something bigger, something broader, something better, something higher; it means a time for the formation of friendship and of ideals; it means a time of gathering

Continuen on page 22

CLASS DAY

MAY 18th

Of course, in a senior class of one hundred eighty-four students one will find people with all kinds of abilities. So in the senior class calendar opportunity is given to these people to demonstrate their abilities. Athletics we have for athletes, dances for dancers, ivy day for speakers and poets, the class play for actors, and last upon the senior calendar we have class day for the fools and clowns. Friday, May 18, the June '17 class held the celebration of its class day, and it was demonstrated here that the June '17 class certainly has a supply of clowns of all sizes, all the way from Cy Clark to William Over, Bill Foley included. After the usual opening speech by Paul Kleeman explaining the purpose of the day a group of selected people entertained the audience with a little noise (we are afraid to call it music) in the form of a song. Then the official welcome address was given by Mr. E. Kelly who was dressed in a dress suit and a plug hat for the pompous occasion. Mr. Kelly in his speech, which was a masterpiece of tom foolery, expounded the terrors of the suppression by the faculty.

Helen Smith, the class historian, read the history of the class, which she had so skillfully compiled. After the history, the Senior trio sang some songs and then the prophecy was read by Norman Littell. In this he outlined the futures of the members of the class with remarkable uniqueness. A parody on different scenes from the class play was given by Emmet Kelly, William Foley, William Over, Cyrus Clark, Ralph Scanlin, Burton Nelson, Taylor Obold, Harlan O'Connor and Alfred Schad. Burton Nelson and Vadis Surface took slams at the members of the class in poems which they had written. Harold Snoke tried his skill in Spanish dancing as a take off on Estella McKinney in the All Fool's Vodvill. Then in an act entitled Moore Fools, Taylor Obold and Harlan O'Connor tried to imitate Mr. Moore and Mr. Edwards, but did not succeed. As the next number on the program, the girls had a take off on the "Jazz" band, which was complete in every detail even to a representation of John Fitzgerald, black-face

Continued on page 22



John Fitzgerald says he plays the "silly-phone" in the orchestra.

For Boys Only—(Read backwards):
Didn't you if, girl a be wouldn't you;
this read would you knew we.

"My poor man, have you no friends?"

"No, madam; I was personal editor of the Senior Booster."

Taylor Obold: "Sadie, lend me your balloon?"

Sadie: "No, honey, I can't."

Just to show our bravery, we are going to put in Sara Jane Day's name. Good luck, Sara!

Another thing can sure be said about Taylor Obold; he looked his part.

Dewey Fitch's sleeping average is still 1,000 per cent.

Special Notice.

Anybody happening into the gym. Friday night would have found the tow-path at Fairview reproduced excellently.

Little John, in dressing room Friday night: "A pin, a pin, or I shall come on too late!"

Emmet Kelley: "Now, folks, we are going to have a 24-page Senior Booster (applause). The question is, do you want the pages to be blank?"

Louie Henschel: "Well, they'd be easier to read."

As Charlotte Uhl remarked: "The way some of the Seniors go into the air about class expenses qualifies them for the aviation corps."

Herbert Hill: "Isn't this an awful picture of me?"

Peg Stewart: "I don't know. You can't fool a camera."

All those desirous of renting dress suits, may apply to Lester Moreland, an experienced renter.

To J. B. N.

It takes a lot of nerve, I guess,
To do a lot of things;
To make a monkey of yourself,
And do those crazy-flings.

To come before an audience,
Clad in another's clothes,
Must take an awful lot of cheek,
And cause some awful woes.

To read those wills and histories,
Must take a lot of pluck;
Especially when you must know
That escape will be just luck.

But to give the names of lots of guys,
Each a party to some "case,"
And then to join their very throng,
And even set the pace—

That takes far more than nerve or pluck;

We don't know what the virtue is;
We haven't named it yet, at all,
But Fuzzy Nelson's made it his.

MORAL.

Next time you feel inclined to preach,
Or throw your poetry about,
Be sure that you're immune yourself—
Then bawl the other fellows out.

Puzzle: Where did Gertrude Lehmann get that medal of the Inter-class meet?

Say, girls, what do you think of Paul Kleeman and his art of loving?

At the Sectional Meet.

Robert Kryter to Bruce Lockridge: "How high did that Noblesville fellow jump?"

Bruce: "Five feet and eleven inches."

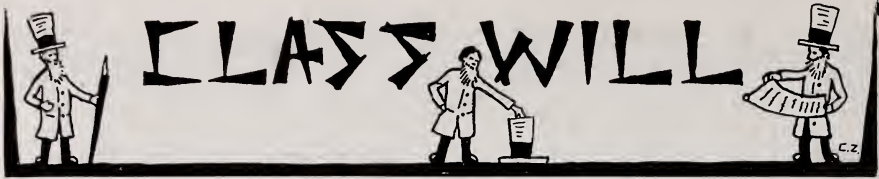
Robert: "And what was the time?"
(The curtain goes down on a scene of slaughter.) —R. B. L.

Call for Order!

Boy, stamping his feet.

Mr. Dalman: "Say, sonny, do you think this is a meeting of the stamp club?" —R. J. K.





We, the June class of 1917, of the Charles E. Emmerich Manual Training High School, of the city of Indianapolis, and state of Indiana, being of sound mind, memory, and understanding hereby revoke all former wills and declare the following our last will and testament:

First. We direct that our bona fide indebtedness and our intrinsic gratitude to our teachers be paid by the January '18 class as soon after our departure as possible.

Second. We bequeath to Manual Training High School five hundred thousand dollars (\$500,000) to purchase and equip suitable grounds for military training, as we thought this would settle the argument of "Fuzzy" Nelson and Ross Mullen.

Fifth. To the school we will one hundred and fifty dollars (\$150) to purchase tardy and absent slips to replenish the supply exhausted by Sayors Miller.

Sixth. We will Carl Fetchmann's graceful movements to Berry and Marsh, to be presented as the most precious original creation of the June '17 class.

Seventh. We bequeath "Hob" Overstreet's love for continued semesters to Lloyd Allen thinking that he might want to stay at E. M. T. H. S. as long as "Hob" has.

Eight. To Raymond Helm, president of the January '18 class, we will Paul Kleeman's speech-making ability with the thought that Helm might use it next year.

Eleventh. We will Talyor Obold's popularity to LeRoy Engle so that LeRoy may have as good luck leading young ladies about the halls as Obold has had with Helen Smith.

Twelfth. To the Kitch Keontz Company we give two thousand (2,000) pounds of John Fitzgerald's bald face preparation in order that the company may save much valuable time, that would otherwise be lost, in making the mixture for their next performance.

Fourteenth. To Bob Smith of the January '18 class we will the pacifier, which Miss Knox received at the Christmas party.

Fifteenth. We will the automatic bugles used in the June class play to the orchestra to be substituted when Fred Schaub is in a reverie.

Eighteenth. We will all the ill tempers of the June '17 class to the fairies as we thought Ben Becker's pleasant disposition might come from dealing with the fairies.

Nineteenth. To Bill Clifford of the January '18 class, we will Russell Kretch's pompadour in hopes that both together will make one that will lie straight.

Twenty-second. To any good dancer in the January '18 class we will the dancing pomps which Ross Mullin and Gladys Benson purchased at Kinney's shoe store on East Ohio street.

Twenty-fourth. To the January '18 class we give our best wishes for a pleasant and profitable time next year.

Twenty-fifth. Our sponsor we leave to the next June class with the request that they appreciate and honor her for she has no superior.

We appoint Mr. McComb executor of this, our last will and testament.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, we have hereunto subscribed our signatures this 18th day of May in the year of our Lord, 1917.

PAUL KLEEMANN, President.

HAZEL GRADY, Secretary.

HAZEL PENNINGTON, Will Maker.



Not long ago I experienced one of the strangest happenings of my life. So strange, so unique, so mystical and yet so real was it that I have decided to write the story of it. I do not ask that you believe, for in my sanest moments I do not believe it myself. However I shall tell you the story and you may place upon it your own valuation.

* * * * *

It was a comfortable room in which I found myself. There was a cheerful fire burning in an open grate. Before the fire stood a great leather chair on which had been laid a smoking jacket and before which had been set a pair of men's slippers. Suddenly I heard a man's step upon the front porch and a knock upon the front door. Immediately a feminine figure darted through the room from the back of the house and rushed to the front door. I heard the door open. "Oh! Saylor," said Sara Day. "Come Mag," said I to the magie "let's don't intrude." He snapped his fingers, made some queer noises and the house disappeared.

By this time I had absolute faith in the powers of the magie and I was therefore not at all surprised to find myself in a dentist's office. Over a pulley, fastened to the ceiling, hung a rope. One end of it was fastened to the tooth of the patient in the dental chair. On the other end hung the dentist, Paul Kleeman, vainly trying to extract the tooth. The patient I recognized as "Cy" Clark. By the chair stood Viola Power, nurse, with a crow-bar in her hand. Just as Paul was motioning to Viola for a stick of dynamite which lay on a stand, the office disappeared.

I then found before me a cage of ostriches in a zoo. In the center of commotion going on inside I saw Henry Morgan teaching the baby ostriches the famous Morgan walk.

In the next cage I saw another of my old friends, Bill Foley, teaching the rising generation of monkeys the fine art of being a real monkey.

This picture faded away and I saw more of my high school friends. When I again looked around me I found that I was in a millinery shop. There was Bernadine Gisell, Ruth Forbes, Louise Gramse and Louise Haltmeyer. They were changing ten cent wire hat frames into one hundred dollar hats with forty-nine cent ribbon. In the front part of the store was Loretta Hergt and Virginia Rea trying to convince a 50 year old woman that she looked 16 in one of their store hats.

The buildings of Columbia University floated before me and presently I found that we were in the interior, in one of the class rooms. Professor Clinton Hanna was lecturing to a class. In a back seat was "Hob" Overstreet sleeping soundly. "Hob" had, through years of patient struggle, reached his Senior year in college and now had high hopes of graduating in the next few years.

"The laboratory of an Edison plant," announced the magie as the surroundings changed. There I saw James Kline, Hall Marmon, Harold Snoko and Harry French working on the invention of a motor which was to take its power from lightning bugs.

In another part of the plant I saw Rus Kretch, Harold Joseph, Samuel Sofnas, Rex Thomas and Louise Rybolt, completing the invention of the largest gun in the world. Much care had to be taken when it was fired. In fact a special telegraph wire had to be constructed to China, so that the Chinese could be told when to duck.

The stately halls of the government buildings in Washington then surrounded me. The invisible magie led invisible me to the Senate chamber where we made an invisible entrance. It was evident that the United States had universal suffrage for on one side of the chamber sat women Senators and on the other sat the men. There was a feeling of intense excitement in the

air. People leaned from the galleries, all eyes were fixed upon the proceedings below. The strangest thing was the fact that the women all wore their hair down their backs. Following the direction of the Senators gazes, I beheld Norris Wagaman, her hair also down her back, standing in the isle delivering a speech. "Gentlemen," she said, "would you desire to see your wives, sisters, friends or daughters always wearing their hair down their backs. (Groans from one part of the gallery in which I saw Bill Appel, Everett Dunn, Eugene Ehr Gott and Earl Goodnough. Sobs and tears from Herman Hederich). "We must have hair pins," continued Norris, "but we refuse to pay such prices. Gentlemen, the hearts of all true Americans cry out against this greatest wrong of the century, the monopoly of the hair pin industry." The house was in an uproar. Some of the women were sobbing, some clapping their hands, some vainly asking to be recognized by the chairman. Above it all I heard the base voice of Emmet Kelly, the chairman, loudly calling for order. Still the babel continued, while Louis Henchen, Carl Paulisson and Clarence Budd in the gallery frowned disgustedly at the proceedings of the fairer sex.

In front of the women's side of the house was a table with several cages of mice on it. Pointing to these, Kelly again called for order and threatened to release the mice on the floor of the Senate if the women didn't come to order. Immediately the house came to order; women stopped their hysterical actions and began dabbing their reddened faces with powder puffs while my friends in the gallery sneezed in the ascending clouds of talcum powder. Forest McAlpin then tried to make a speech in the defense of the hair pin trust, but the speech was drowned in the hisses of Geraldine Gibson, Edna Gassert, Lucille Lipps and others in the gallery. I departed glad that our nation was in the hands of such competent managers.

We next passed through the Smithsonian Institute. In one of the museums, I saw Charlotte Uhl, Dorothy Albright and Marjorie Stewart. This sight vanished before I could find out whether they were waiting for someone, as they used to do in the corridors at Manual Training, or were a part of the museum.

Behind a window of a little shop, I saw the beaming face of Taylor Obold. On a sign outside were printed the words, "Ladies Tailor."

"Mag," I said, "this rapid transit has worn me out. Can't you just tell me what the remaining of my Senior friends will be doing. I wouldn't ask, but you seem to know everything without having to go to E. M. T. H. S. to learn it."

"That's alright," said the magie, "we'll return to your room first." No sooner had he said it than we were in my room, from which we had set out. The magie bore the look of a spiritualist when communing with visions of the future, and he soon began the story of what he saw.

"I see," he said, "Gertrude Lehman giving dancing lessons to a class in which Walter Hiser is star pupil."

"Leona Foppiana is in a convent and is just asking the prioress to let her organize a basket ball team."

"Ross Mullen works in a laundry in the day time and calls on the authoress, Gladys Benson, in the evening."

The magie stopped talking. "That is the end," said he. "I have told you of the future of every member of your class."

"Mag," said I, "whether you're a genie, a devil, an angel, or simply the product of my own imagination, I don't know. At any rate you're a good sport, and I'm obliged to you for all your trouble."

"You're welcome," said the magie, "but before I go wouldn't you like to see what your own future will be?"

"No! no! for heaven's sake, no! I know you must be tired and I wouldn't think of troubling you," I said, pushing him toward the door.

"Good bye, then," said the magie, laughing, and he vanished before we reached the door.

This concludes the story of my strange experience. I have rubbed the lamp since that time, but the magie never appeared. I therefore do not want you to believe the story, for in my sanest moments I scarcely believe it myself. This much, however, I shall say. If the future here prescribed is not in accordance with your present ambition, just put forth a little effort and I think you can avoid the fate which the magie seems to have in store for you.

CASES



POSSIBLY CERTAINLY PROBABLY NEVER



BERPS

"DEL"

TROUBLE



VERY BAD
"EDDIE"

ANGELIC
FUZZ

"LOVE" CHAMP

FORENSICK

THE BOOSTER

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY
THE PUPILS OF CHAS. E. EMMERICH
MANUAL TRAINING HIGH SCHOOL

Entered as second-class matter March 30, 1912 at
Indianapolis, Indiana, under act of March 3, 1879

INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA

{ 5 Cents a Copy
40 Cents a Semester

EDITORIAL BOARD.

Robert Emmet Kelly.....Editor-in-Chief
Irma Gulley, Taylor Obold,
Assistant Editors-in-Chief.
Norris K. Wagaman.....News Editor
Delbert A. Morse.....Athletic Editor
Cyrus Clarke, Walter Heiser,
Assistant Athletic Editors.
James Burton Nelson.....Personal Editor
William Foley, Assistant.
Dorothy Albright.....Art Editor
Business Manager.....Delbert A. Morse
Circulation Manager.....Earl Schmoe

COMMITTEE

Alfred Schad, Herman Hedderich, Edna
Linze, Mary Henderson, Ruth Sanders.

UNDERCLASS ASSISTANTS

Charles MacGinnis, Carl Zimmerman,
Oran Davis, Sumner Wiltzie.

FACULTY ADVISORS.

Miss Emily Helming, E. H. Kemper
McComb, R. Walton Hogue.



Seniors. That is, no longer boys and girls, but young men and young women. And as men and women you will help to determine the trend of municipal and national feeling, thinking and acting. Now, as never before, this feeling, thinking and acting should not be done on the surface. It should not be done frivolously.

Your class play, class day, dances and parties, with all their fun, legitimate fun, in which the faculty and students shared, are things of the past. Now comes the commencement season, a time for looking forward seriously into the future. It is to be hoped that this thinking will be so done that there will be less likelihood in the future of the President of the United States and other leaders of the nation, finding difficulty in impressing the people with the serious import of a crisis such as we are passing through now.

The editors of the Senior Booster and the June '17 class wish to extend their thanks to those who have aided in making this issue a success. The Art Department has aided in making posters and by giving valuable advice. The Booster staff has aided in copying and rewriting articles. Carl Zimmerman designed the zinc etchings used throughout the issue. Finally, to those who have aided by handing in articles and pictures, we wish to extend our thanks. We are indebted for the photographs to the McKelvey and Myers, Bretzman, and Nicholson studios.

Senior Honor Roll.

During 7 Semesters—Irma Gulley.

During 6 Semesters—Ruth Sanders,
Helen Smith.

During 5 Semesters—Lawrence
Brink.

During 4 Semesters—Wilbur Appel,
Alma Maschmeyer, Lester Moreland,
Hazel Grady, Paul Kleemann, Lucille
Lipps.

During 3 Semesters—Edna Linze,
Anna Heeringa, Elaine Clabrou, Edna
Stant, Anthony McAndrews, Adrienne
Tyner, William Zeiher, Clinton Hanna.

During 2 Semesters—Albrecht Well-
man, Alfred Schad, Edward Talbott,
Garnet Roempke, Hall Marmon, Em-
met Kelly, Gladys Benson.

During 1 Semester—Clarence Budd,
Warder Kemper, Dorothy Williams,
Delight Shelton, Earl Gaskins, Berna-
dine Gisel, Louise Gramse, Marguerite
Curlee, William Gansberg, Alma Har-
vey, Loretta Hergt, Rose Tegeler, Har-
old Joseph, Irving Russell, Taylor
Obold, Viola Power, Eva Mack, Harry
French, Herman Hedderich.

At the Merchants' Heat and Light
"Daylight Corner" an exhibition of
pictures, sculptures, and art craft
work is being held this week. On Fri-
day, June 1, at 8 o'clock, in the Red
Cross Quarters, Monument Place, an
auction of the works will be held, with
Mr. Ralph Lemcke as auctioneer.

The exhibition is free to the pub-
lic and bids of not less than ten per
cent of the catalogue value may be
made any day during the exhibit, but
no final sale will be made until the
night of the auction. Tickets may be
had at the desk of the Light company,
admitting the bearer to the auction.
The entire proceeds will go to the lo-
cal chapter of the American Red
Cross.

OUR FINAL EXIT

"Wasn't the class play wonderful?" "Oh, I wouldn't have missed it for anything!" and "Didn't everyone take his part well?" were some of the rapturous exclamations of a Sherwood audience, heard after the performance and in conversation with friends later. That it was a great success is agreed by all who saw the play and enjoyed its beautiful scenes and its rapid action. Those who craved excitement were satisfied when Fitzwalter, at bay, called out the loyal foresters of Robinhood; when the fight, into which rushed the mysterious knight, occurred over Will Scarlet's execution; and when the horrible deeds were committed in the abbey. In contrast were the fairies, sixteen of them, flitting, with starry wings flying, under varicolored lights, and with Oberon and Titania, wishing to do all within their power to save Robinhood and Marian.

Paul Kleeman, handsomely bedecked in green, with long hair and a new beard for every performance, ably took the part of Robin, Earl of Huntington, outlaw and lover of Marion Fitzwalter. His merry followers were R. Schakel, H. Haskett, M. Clark, E. Gaskins; Alfred Shad as Will Scarlet, Russel Frakes as the hump-backed Much, Harry Morton as Little John, Robin's dearest and most solicitous friend; and, merriest of all, Taylor Obold, twice as plump as usual with all his padding, was Friar Tuck, about whose "slim" waist Robin jestingly remarked. The part of the sorely tried old lord, Fitzwalter, was taken by Emmet Kelly, while Dorothy Williams as Marian Fitzwalter, his daughter, was loved by all, including her devoted maid, Jenny, played by Maude Payne. Sadye Sebel was a weepy Widow Scarlet, and Geraldine Gibson, Anna Heeringa, Esther Wilson, and Herbert Hill were starved peasants.

Norman Littell as Prince John, base villain, aspirant to the throne and to Lady Marian's hand, showed great feeling in acting his part, as did Dorothy Albright, who made an ideal Queen Elinor. King Richard was played by Drexel Hunt and his minstrel, Blondel, who roamed the country singing, was Carl Fechtman. The part of the pompous sheriff was taken by Delbert Morse, whose three assistants were

Earl Schmoe, Ralph Scanlin, and Walter Heiser. Prince John's nephew, Arthur Plantagenet, was Irma Gulley, and the prince's retainers were William Over, Carl Paulissen and Harold Snoke. Two nuns were Leona Quinzoni, prioress of Kirklee, and Loretta Hergt, a novice. The court ladies were Gertrude Lehmann, Laura Moller, Inez Weddle, Lucile Lipps, Josephine Keller, Virginia Rea, Charlotte Uhl and Marjorie Stewart.

Much fairer than mere mortals was Lois Deck, queen of the fairies, with her beloved wings and fairy wand; and Oberon, the king, was Edward Talbott. Their court consisted of sixteen fairies, Dorothy McCoy, Gladys Benson, Irma Gulley, Ida Koor, Adrienne Tyner, Hazel Grady, Elaine Clabrou, Dora Sapirie, Dorothy See, Alma Maschmeyer, Sara Day, Adah Young, Rose Tegeler, Mary Henderson, Lorena Miller, and Ruth Sanders. Norris Wagaman was the frolicsome Puck, and Ben Becker, Shadow-of-a-Leaf, the fool.

Lester Moreland had the important job of stage manager, and the electricians were Russel Kretsch and Harold Joseph. Others who helped to make the play a success were John Goll, Forrest McAlpin, William Stevenson, Frederic Smith, Burnam McMath, Raymond Price, Cecil Jordan, Elmore Bryant, Dewey Fitch, Warder Kemper, Henry Morgan, William Zeiher, Harry Clift, Harry Bernht, Paul Ritter.

A Toast to Our Friend.

Here's to our parting, unwillingly,
Boys;
Here's to the days when we really had
joys;
Never again can we such days find,
As we spent in the school that we now
leave behind.
Higher than any, the best one of all,
Manual, if you need us, you know
where to call.
We'll back you in everything that you
wish to do.
So, here's to our parting, but ere we
go,
We'll plant good "On Manual" down
deep in our soul,
And following that motto we will
strive for our goal.

—A Modest Senior in Room 10.



Among the most active of the school organizations through the last year was the Roines Club. This club consists of thirty-six Senior boys, each of whom maintains through his Junior year, an average of B or above. The purpose of the club is expressed in its motto: "All together, all the time, for a greater E. M. T. H. S."

One of the many activities of this year's Roines Club was a clean-up campaign, some of the details of which are still to be carried out. The club also assisted in any publicity work

which was undertaken in the school, such as campaigning for Booster subscriptions and selling tickets for athletic events. Two of the new organizations of the school, the Chemistry Club and the Forensic Club were organized by Roines committees. The biggest work of the club, however, was the staging of the Freshman track meet. The purpose of this meet was to interest Freshmen in athletics, it being felt that the recent failures of the Manual athletic teams was due to the fact that few men came out until

they were Juniors or Seniors. The meet was declared a great success by every one interested, and it is to be hoped that similar events will be held in the future.

The club also has a social side. During the autumn term a party was given, at which the January Seniors were entertained. The June Seniors will be invited to a party which will be given some time later this term. A club picnic will also be held shortly before graduation.

—Herman F. Hedderich.

THE PHOTOGRAPHY CLUB

The Photography Club was organized in the fall of 1915, and was the outgrowth of work that was done in Miss Odell's English class along the lines of amateur photography. During the first year of the club's existence, through the efforts of Miss Odell, the sponsor, the help of competent officers, and the co-operation of the members, the club was able to progress and improve constantly, and to accomplish some very interesting and instructive work.

The club was again organized in the fall of 1916, under the excellent sponsorship of Miss Odell, and proceeded, with a membership much greater than that of the previous club, to carry on the work which had been started. During the past school year the Photography Club has been especially active in our school life. The club has been able to enjoy many jaunts, and, at their regular meetings, numerous lectures. For many of these lectures the club is indebted to the faculty of our school; speaking specifically, it is indebted to Miss Helming, Miss Eunice Perkins, Mr. Stewart, and Mr. Kitch, and the club wishes to take this opportunity to again thank these teachers for their help and co-operation. The one project of the club for the past term has been the fitting up of a dark room. Such a project has been accomplished and the club now maintains, in a small room off of the chemistry laboratory, a dark room, where printing and developing of pictures is carried on.

A word might also be said about the policy and purpose of the club. The purpose of the Photography Club is to supply a means whereby the students of this school may study amateur photography. The policy of the club has always been that the members of the club shall work as a whole upon any project, that upon jaunts the club shall remain in one body; that is, that people shall not wander away from the main body of the club in groups or pairs, and that all shall cheerfully follow the rule of the majority in any decision. So, with this policy and purpose as its guide and with the co-operation of the student body and faculty, the Photography Club is nearing the completion of its second successful year of existence.

Continued on page 22

THE UKELELE CLUB

The Ukelele Club, alias the Jazz Band, was cornered last night and our reporter elicited these facts from the unwilling(?) gleemen:

Early in this semester, when an agitation for more clubs was sweeping this Emmerich High, a conscientious group of June '17 Seniors (we say "conscientious" because we believe this the first, last, and only time that we can apply this term to the group) banded together with the avowed purpose of forming a club. Here the testimony became confused; some said the agitation for more clubs was the reason for organization, some say not; some say the original intent was to get Carl Fechtman in with a bunch of fellows tall enough to hide him when he sang. At any rate, it seems they all agreed to pass a resolution in some such form as the following, which was extracted from their hours (they are so slow they can have no minutes):

Whereas, a bunch of (ir)responsible June '17 Seniors have the underlying bond of mutual noise and loudness, and whereas, the best known and most diverting instruments and articles by which loudness can be vociferated to the admiring public are Ukeleles, Norman Littell, and the trio of certain members who have hereunto at the close signed their respective first and third names, do hereby loudly resolve to become a club named the "Ukelele Club of Manual." We, the aforesaid members, do hereby ratify the foregoing resolution and in witness do duly (re)sign our names. Signed: Ray Michael, Carl Fechtman, John Fitzgerald, Albrecht Wellman, Earl Gaskins, William Over, Edward Talbott, Donald McCasky, Norman Littell, Harlan O'Connor, Paul Kleeman, and Vera Fleck, pianist.

Apparently from most of the information received at the hearing by our said reporter, the club rather quieted down. Determining, however, to call the attention of the public, the company broke into vod-vil one day a trifle later than they were billed to appear. One of the members had been so delayed by the suddenly accidental death of a jitney-bus driver that it took quite a time to soothe his bird of pair-a-dice and find his "uke," misplaced in the excitement. At the end of a strenu-

Continued on page 22



Here I will endeavor to give my definition of Agony. No matter how indefinite it may seem, those concerned will know only too well. You have the privilege to make your own deductions. Agony, A-g-o-n-y, contrast of Joy, J-o-y, derived from the Irish for use in Dutch: Always-Guilty-of-Nonsense-Yourself. I have experienced Joy before and after taking Agony, and likewise Agony before and after Joy. Now that's a strange thing, too. Up until last October I was a great friend of Joy, but then I met Agony. Joy vanished, yet I enjoyed Agony. What better proof of enjoying Agony than six months of (it?) Yet for a short interval Joy returned, policed me around to a fare-you-well; then I gave up and swore, not on bibles, that Agony was pleasure beside Joy and—**What's more, she is!**

Somebody Else's Agonies.

There was a fairy named Oberon,
A rail of the Gym he sat upon.

His mien was pathetic,
His meaning authentic.

And, yes, it happened right thereupon.

* * *

Unconsciously Elaine Clabrou's
proof envelope was opened and inside
lying unconscious was Bob Skidmore's
picture.

* * *

A report from a dance came to us,
Oh, how could it escape our notice?
The lights were bright, her hand so
white,

And a kiss fell thereupon all right.

Proof: Evans Plumming Co.

* * *

Myself: "I wouldn't let a little old
corporal put me off a horse, Brink."

Voice (beside me): "No, a little old
corporal didn't put him off a horse; I
did!"

Exit without music.

* * *

Court ladies are inclined to be courted
By Lords and Kings 'tis reported,
But now, Walter's medals are gone
He pinned them a court lady upon.

* * *

Fitch: "Hey! Peacher, where are
you?"

Peacher: "Up here in society."

Note—Society, Jim Kline, Cy Clark,
etc.

* * *

We had a blow-out in our class;
Perhaps it came from too much gas.
We have Bud Gass and we have Gas-
kins,

Who have their outs, and have their
ins.

Do you think it would be possible to
count all the old men (your fathers)
Carl Fechtman is acquainted with and
speaks to on the street?

* * *

We've fat and thin and tall and stark.
Just look at our own Cyrus Clark.
Because he's fat he looks so sweet,
And he is big from head to feet.

* * *

Talk about Marquis De Lafayette hav-
ing a complicated name; read this and
then talk: Bob, Peggy, Bobby, Peg,
Marj, Marjorie Stewart.

* * *

Of course we have some more who are
fat.

Now, who do you suppose is meant by
that?

Well, he is brave and O-so-bold.

Now, sure, his name I have just told.

* * *

Oh, but you think you know all
about the "cases" in this school. Well,
I know another: Paul Kleeman car-
ried one home several times last week.

* * *

Rags is Rags and Fuzz is Fuzz.

We have both in our little Fuzz.

Just this minute he's chewing the rag.
And it is sure his hair can't sag.

* * *

If Bill Over only had Bobby P. B. P.
M. M. S.'s Dutch-Spanish vocabulary,
Norman Littell's bluff and Lester
Moreland's reputation, he would not
be boning for a big C in Solid now.

* * *

So here I'll make my big climax,
Before these people hunt the axe.
The Bills, the Dots, the ragamuffins,
I must neglect: my pen's lost stuffins.

A YEAR OF ATHLETICS

With a membership of over 1,000 in the Athletic Association, and two new coaches, E. M. T. H. S. has had a good year for athletics.

Tennis.

The first event of the athletic calendar was the fall tennis tournament. This was the most successful one in the history of Manual athletics. It was played under the painstaking guidance of the late Mr. Ballard. From the start considerable interest was manifested as to who would win the tennis title of E. M. T. H. S. because the former champion, Fred Bastian had left school. This fact added additional interest and enthusiasm to the tournament.

In the singles championship about eighty students signified their intentions of trying for the title, while in the doubles twenty-eight teams were entered. Many promising youngsters were eliminated in the first round and the elimination continued until but four, out of the large field of starters, were left for the semi-finals. These were Edward Elliot, Gerald Watson, Kenneth Udell and Carl Fechtman. In the first match of the semi-finals the dope bucket was upset when Elliot defeated Watson, who had been picked by many to win the title. The scores of this match were (4-6), (6-3), (6-3). The other match of the semi-finals brought forth another surprise when Udell, a dark horse, forced Fechtman to the limit and many times had the match at point-set-match. The scores were (6-3), (3-6), (8-6), Fechtman winning after a hard fought match. The two remaining players played for the title, Fechtman finally winning after a four set match (6-3), (3-6), (6-2), (6-1).

In the doubles championship, Fechtman and Watson were victorious, winning over Hob Overstreet and Lawrence Brink in the final match. The scores being (4-6), (6-1), (6-2), (6-3).

Next fall inter-school tennis will be attempted with Shortridge and Technical High Schools, and, as tennis is rapidly becoming the favorite outdoor sport of the high school youths, no doubt inter-school tennis will be successful. Several good players including Udell, Elliot and Robinson are still in school and Manual should give a good account of herself in an inter-school tournament.

The girls also staged a successful tennis tournament under the direction of Miss Smith. Florence Walsh won out over Dorothy Simering in the final match for the singles championship. Florence Walsh and Dorothy Simering defeated Helen Steinmetz and Estelle McKinney for the doubles championship.

Basket Ball.

The call for basket ball candidates was issued the first week in October, and those who reported were put to work at cross country running. This was concluded by a cross country run held the latter part of October which was won by Eugene Kessler.

The basket ball men were divided into four teams and after several weeks of practice the first game was played between the Blues, captained by Hobert Overstreet, and the Grays led by Harold Bartholomew, resulting in a victory for the Blues. Score, 14-9. The Blacks were captained by Del Morse and the Crimson by Edward Gass. At the end of a successful season the Blues made up of H. Overstreet, H. Morgan, A. Rahn, C. Fechtman and J. Rosenthal, won the championship of the league. This was followed by the Monogram series in which the American Reds won two out of three games from the National Blues. The lineup of the Reds included Del Morse, W. Ault, A. Rahn, W. Summers, W. Heiser, G. Gerrard and B. Robinson. The fall term finished at this time and everything was gloom for the state team, which had just started practicing when it was announced that both Coach C. L. Williams and Coach T. B. Williams were leaving school. Joy soon swarmed over the breastworks when it was announced that Mr. R. B. Morrison of Botany fame was to have charge of the team. Delbert Morse was elected captain and the team got down to earnest work. The first practice game was lost to the Launam Specials by a score of 25-6. After the squad of twelve men had been pick a bomb fell into the camp with the news that Overstreet and York had been declared ineligible. The climax of the basket ball season came when the team, composed of Captain Morse, Webb Ault, J. Rice, A. Rahn, H. Buschell, H. Morgan, W. Summers and W. Heiser, journeyed to Martinsville to participate in the sectional

tourney. Having drawn West Newton for the first game, everything was set for a big victory, but West Newton proved to be the dark horse of the tournament and defeated us 35-25. West Newton was defeated by Martinsville in the final game only after a hard fight. The 1916-17 basket ball season was then brought to a close by the awarding of monograms by Mr. McComb. Those who received them were: Delbert Morse, Webb Ault, J. Rice, A. Rahn, H. Buschell, W. Heiser, H. Morgan, W. Summers, C. Fechtman and Hobert Overstreet.

Girls Basket Ball.

It was originally planned to have four major and four minor teams for girls basket ball, but so many turned out that it was necessary to form five major and five minor teams. The games were hotly contested and an excellent brand of basket ball was played by the fairer athletes of Manual.

The series ended with the Grays, captained by Dorothy Simering, holding the pennant and the Whites and Greens tied for second, the Crimson a close third with the Blues in the cellar position. The season was continued by electing two Monogram teams. In these games the Whites, captained by Dorothy Simering, won two out of three games from the Reds and the season ended by the awarding of monograms to Ruth Smock, Lorena Miller, Belle Rosner, Dorothy Simering, Thelma Jagers, Francis McAlpin, Muriel Oliver.

Track.

The basket ball season was soon followed by track team practice. With Captain Garten as sure points in the pole vault and, with the help of Mr. Morrison, work was set about developing track stars. The Indoor Interclass Meet was held at the Y. M. C. A. on the Saturday before spring vacation, and was won over the Underclassmen by the close score of 41-40. The finds of this meet were two Freshmen, Charles Bybee, who ran the half mile and mile in good time, and Orville Speer, a fast dashman. Outdoor meets were scheduled with Rushville and Bedford, but these had to be canceled because of the heavy rains just before the meets. A meet was finally arranged with Martinsville High School for Monday, May 14. In this meet the track team got revenge for the defeats of the basket ball teams by defeating Martinsville by a score of 73-17. Captain Garten was the star of the meet, scoring 17 points. The Saturday following this meet the sectional track meet was held at the State Fair Grounds. Manual carried off the honors for this section with 28 points. Atlanta was second with 19 points and Sheridan third with 16 points. Captain Garten, of Manual, was the individual star, scoring 20 points. He placed first in the 120-yd. hurdles, 220-yd. hurdles, broad jump and pole vault. Bybee won the 880-yd. run and Fitzgerald, Cady and Messing placed third in the 440-yd. dash, mile run, and 220-yd. hurdles respectively. This will have gone to press before the final state track meet is held at Lafayette, but with Garten, Bybee and the others, it is thought that Manual will win its first state championship for seven years.

Base Ball.

With a State High School Base Ball Tournament to be held May 25-26 at Purdue University much interest was shown in base ball.

Eighty boys made known their intentions of playing in the league. At the first meeting Thomas Quill was unanimously elected captain of the state team. The new captain informed the boys that ability to play ball and not friendship would win them places on the team. Mr. Ammermen selected Luckett, Heiser, Gass and McHale as temporary captains. Before the first game Luckett, Heiser, Rice and Noonan were elected as permanent captains. The first games were characterized by snappy, but not errorless, playing. Because of the rainy weather many of the games were canceled. As a result of these first games Mr. Schissel selected the boys who now compose the state squad.

Every player put all his efforts into attaining a place on the team; but several of the best players were lost through ineligibility, nevertheless, Manual stands well in line for victory in the state meet. After many try-outs and practice games Mr. Schissel and Mr. Ammerman picked the following men as those who would produce results. They are: Captain Quill, W. Heiser, D. Hunt, N. Weber, M. Luckett, Ray Carson, H. Goett, D. Morse, H. Osswald, R. Mueroe, M. McElwaine and R. O'Connor. With these men it is hoped to bring back a state championship in base ball as well as in track.

"Are you a Masoma?" Of the fifty girls who are members of the Masoma, sixteen June 17 girls can reply in the affirmative. They are: Helen Smith, Helen Cramer, Anna Heeringa, Louise Gramsey, Martha Ledig, Alma Maschmeyer, Eva Mack, Edna Linze, Ada Young, Dorothy McCoy, Gladys Benson, Irma Guiley, Ruth Sanders, Flora Pettit, Dorothy Williams, Hazel Grady, and Rose Tegeler. From September to January, 1917, Helen Smith held the president's chair, while every girl has been on a committee.

In addition to the regular work of

the Masomas, that is, working with the Freshmen girls and assisting in the library and office, Mr. McComb has asked the girls to work in the lunch-room. Their work has been carried outside of Manual. Last Christmas, the girls, with the aid of Mrs. Rehm and Miss Emery, made very pretty gift-books for the hospitals. The Star fund also sent twelve dolls to be dressed. The girls are always ready to push any enterprise that works toward raising the already high standard of Manual.

The Senior girls have been busy

with the small social functions of the organization. As has been usual, each Freshman room was treated to the usual party at the beginning of the term. This term a new plan was contrived whereby all the Masoma and the Freshmen girls held a party in the gymnasium May 25. Before the party, the Freshmen entertained the Masomas in the auditorium. The new plan met with success. On June 22, an alumni of the Masoma organization will be founded. This is another new feature of the organization which it is hoped will meet with great success.

—Edna Linze.



FORENSIC CLUB

The Forensic Club was organized at the beginning of the current semester. In response to the first call, eighteen boys and five enthusiastic faculty advisers reported in the auditorium. Plans were made for a membership campaign, which resulted in the doubling of the enrollment. At the third meeting, the constitution was adopted and the following officers were elected: President, Marion F. Clarke; vice-president, Alfred B. Schad; secretary, Bruce Lockridge, and treasurer, Gust Argeroplos. Mr. Money and Mr. Hegener consented to serve as faculty advisors. Raymond Schakel was appointed chairman of the program committee. The following subjects were selected and discussed: "Resolved, That the Booster should be in the form of a newspaper." "Resolved, That compulsory military training be introduced into the high schools." "Resolved, That motion pictures are detrimental to high school students." "Resolved, That capital punishment be abolished." "Resolved, That compulsory military training should be introduced throughout the U. S." "Resolved, That the Philippines should be given their independence before the passing of another generation."

The debates have been well attended, considering the number of times the meetings have had to be postponed because of conflicting engagements. The regular program consists of executing the business on hand, of a three-man team formal debate, and of a general discussion. Following this is the judges' decision, which has proved very close in many instances, thus proving the ability of the program committee in selecting a well-balanced subject.

Considering the work done in the Forensic Club this term, it has proved a success and has at least stimulated a desire for debating at E. M. T. H. S. Next term's club should produce a debating team to represent our school in the sectional inter-school debating contest.

—Marion F. Clarke, President.

Mr. Winslow, Cy Clark and Buddy Gass are like little babies now. They are crazy over their new plaything, a Victrola. Mr. Winslow gets the selection, Cy cranks the machine and Buddy starts it.

—E. K. S.

CHEMISTRY CLUB

By reason of its scientific feeding, the Manual Chemistry Club is a healthy (and howling) infant. Twenty boys profess to be members of it. The club was organized March 7, 1917. Russell Kretsch was elected president; Robert McMurray, vice-president, and Clifford Barton, secretary-treasurer. Mr. Vallance sponsors the club.

Mr. Neff headed the first program with an interesting lecture, "The History of Chemistry." Mr. Koontz astounded the club with his exhaustive lecture, "The Atom and Its Electronic Structure," at the second regular meeting. The culminative program of the year was given by Dr. C. R. Noble, one of the best organic chemists in the state. His subject was "The Difficulties of Industrial Chemistry."

This first Chemistry Club leaves a firm foundation for next year's club to build upon.

—Lester Moreland.

Bon Voyage.

On March 1 the good ship *Destiny* bearing the January '18 class weighed anchor, and with a fair breeze left port on its cruise of ten months. A competent group of officers are charting her course through the sea of social events and business activities. At the wheel (most appropriately) stands Raymond Helm, while his assistants are Nellie Thomas, first mate; Barton Henry, purser, and Louise Schneider, in charge of the "Ship's Log."

The ship is one of the trimmest craft that ever sailed for a harbor in the land of Graduation. From her topmast floats her colors, like dancing sunbeams—old gold. High above the spray her prow bears the insignia of the crew.

It is rumored that after June, 1917, the ship will become a huge merchantman. Already in the hold lies a mammoth sign bearing the words:

JANUARY, 1918, CLASS

Successors to

June, 1917 Class

Dealers in

School Spirit, Successful Achievement
and Future Careers.

Miss Hyde: "What are the crops of France?"

B. Henry: "Grapes and fashions."



"Cases."

Manual has some Senior boys,
Some high and yet some low.
And everywhere those Seniors are
The girls are sure to go.

They loiter in the halls each day,
Which is against the rule.
It makes the Freshmen laugh so gay
To see them act the fool.

Emmet, like the rest of them,
He had a girl, too.
'Twas a funny sight, you know,
To see them "bill and coo."

In the course of time the sky o'er-cast,
The weather changed to cool,
And Dorothy, so this story goes,
Of Kelly made a fool.

Walter Heiser, tho a husky lad,
Whose dad is in this school,
With Gertrude on his arm,
Does play the part of fool.

He thinks of Gertie all the day.
And dreams of her by night.
The teachers do but pity him,
For his mind is not quite right.

Uhl have to admit, for facts do show,
That Fechtman is some boy;
But, like the rest of this crazy bunch,
He falls for a maiden coy.

He stalks thru halls with Charlotte,
And looks much at her eyes;
He doesn't know he's the laughing
stock
Of all the other guys.

But Delbert is the worst of all
When anyone says "girl."
He is not good for work or play,
But just like fodder for the squirrel.

He promenades the hall with her;
A day he never misses.
The lunch-room never sees his face,
For he lives on love and kisses.

If this "balling out" is meant for you,
'Tis but yourself to blame;
Think not of the place you get to
But of the way you came.

—James Burton Nelson.

John Goll and Lester Moreland
matched A penny in session. How
rough these children are getting!

Mr. Kitch: "In this triangle, what
does D-A-C stand for?"
Skidmore: "Dick Athletic Club."

By: "Is he a Senior?"
Stander: "No, he is no hollering
'Berp, Berp'; he is not smoking a
Camel; nor is he wearing a flannel
shirt, but he has his shoes shined; he
is shaved, and his hair is not parted in
the center. What further proof is nec-
essary?"

'Tis said Clint Hanna asked a friend
to the class play. Keep it up, Clint,
you'll get there yet.

McHale: "How are you getting
along, Hob?"

Overstreet: "Oh, I'm getting ahead
all right."

Meeker: "Heaven be praised, you
certainly need one."

Hank Morgan is the brightest boy
That ever I did see.
He didn't like a hard subject,
So he studied chemistry.

Little Marmon shook his arm
For minutes 33,
But what he thought was soluble
Was Caco 3.

Can You Beat It?

Fuzz: "Say, Merle, here's some
snaps I'd like to show you.

M. Gosney: "How nice; I'll take
this one and this. Thanks ever so
much."

Just to be real devilish, Taylor
Obold dropped two test tubes on the
floor in the chemistry lab. (They
were cracked, however.)

When asked to locate Belgium, Cora
Frederick pointed to the map of Eu-
rope and said: "Well, it's in here
somewhere."

ALUMNI SERVICE

Raymond Hurely, enlisted.

Herbert Heckman, enlisted.

Leslie Burton, enlisted.

Malcom Moore, applied for commission in Naval Coast Department.

Maurice Engell, French Ambulance Corps.

Joseph Beckett, Officers' Reserve Corps.

Holmes Christian, Officers' Reserve Corps.

Donald W. Thornburgh, Officers' Reserve Corps.

Louis Buschmann, Officers' Reserve Corps.

James Frenzel, applied for commission in Aviation Department.

Holcomb Genung, Second Lieutenant in Army.

Chelsea Stewart, National Guard.

Ellett Hadley, Battery A.

Dan Glossbrenner, Battery A.

Officers' Training Camp—Patrick D. O'Hara, Wm. E. Schoefield, Raymond P. Ankenbrock, Dan W. Flickinger, Alonzo A. Klingensmith, G. A. Stafford, Paul H. Miller, H. Y. Brown, Jr., Henry S. Ayres, Ralph W. Shepherd,

Charles O. Shafe, James H. Genung, Dennis S. Moran, H. R. McIlvane, Samuel S. Cox, R. C. Minton, Daniel R. Hurley, A. B. Maxwell, Curtis S. Espy, Herman Boos, Wm. J. Freeney, Thomas E. Clark, A. W. T. Loveless, Seymour Mazur, Samuel W. Perott, Forrest A. Loy, M. G. Espey, Carl J. Schoen, Glenn B. Ralston, John E. Blackledge, Werner Monninger, Wm. C. Conway, R. H. Habbe, Bruce Robinson, Joe R. Beckett, John Wier, W. C. Kliplinger, Wilfred K. Krause, Geo. V. Loy, John A. Deery, S. L. Hoover, R. J. Teeter, Carl H. Bauer, Curt F. Pantzer, John W. Beeker, Robert Lee Scott, Everett W. Jones, Harry E. Johnson, C. R. Sackett, Michael Warren, Arthur Vonnegut, A. S. Duggan.

Mr. A. R. Mather, a June '06 graduate of M. T. H. S. and teacher of mathematics here in 1910-11, is now on his way to Mt. Silinda, Rhodesia, South Africa, where he will have charge of the high schools and normal schools.

Continued from page 15

ous search the company burst forth with such admirable sounds, the like of which had never been heard before by a gasping public. Encored again, they finally made their escape, appearing once more, however, upon Ivy Day and causing some such furore as before.

After the hearing they were released, as it is believed they will be harmless from now on. The most atrocious action taken by this Jazz Band is a resolution that all following classes organize the most unruly and best (or worst—as the reader likes) dressed students into a Ukelele Club to "split the sides of the hearlings."

N. B. The author was asked to make a real-for-sure news article of this, so—she's not responsible.

Continued from page 15

The club's activities will close this school year after the regular meeting, June 6, 1917, at which meeting Miss Foy will talk on "Photography Which Every Child Should Know."

—Taylor Obold.

Continued from page 5

memories, recollections of the right sort. It means the time when we learn and come to realize more and more that success crowns effort; * * * I think you have chosen a fine motto and I would like to couple in your mind today these two questions: 'What does the United States of America mean to you?' 'What does the Emmerich Manual Training High School mean to you?' And in making up your answer to these questions, remember, too, that Success Crowns Effort."

Continued from page 5

comedian, who was skillfully imitated by Dorothy Albright. Lois Deck then recited a poem pertaining to the events of the class after which the Class Will was read by Hazel Pennington. Then in a solemn ceremony which was performed by Paul Klee-man, Raymond Helm was presented with the gavel. The exercises were closed by yells which were led by Howard Kennecke, yell leader.



Other "Cases."

In all the schools of the state,
I've seen some pretty faces;
But of all those I've seen of late,
Our's has them beat on cases.
Now there's Emmet Kelly and "Dot"
Albright,
They have a case, you can tell that at
sight;
And Carl Fechtman and Charlotte Uhl,
If another look at Charlotte, then
there's a dual.
There's that fickle "Russ" Kretsch,
who hasn't one,
But takes the other fellows' girls and
thinks it great fun.
Then there's Ross Mullin, who looks,
love-sick swain,
At Gladys Benson, his much loved
"Dame."
And there's Helen Smith and Taylor
so bold,
More romantic than tales of lovers of
old.
There's Earl and Sadye, Evelyn and
"Cy,"
Sarah and Russel—we'll just pass
them by.
But one of the cases they're trying to
hush—
They say Bob Peacher has a Short-
ridge "rush."
And there's young Herman Hedrich
and Lois Deck—
To think of them all would my poor
mind wreck.
But don't you know there's scandal of
it all,
As they go wandering thro' the hall?
And it sets a bad example for our
Freshies, dear—
They soon think it is part of Senior
year.
But if they want to keep out of din,
They had better consider the question
—then not begin.

—Vadis Surface.
June '17.

Blondy's Song.

Night of our June Class Play,
What did'st thou hide?
What did you hear him say,
Love, at your side?

"Hush," cried Miss Perkins' voice,
"All we can hear
On stage above is noise
And low-voiced 'dear.'"

"Death, what is death?" he cried.
'Let them rave on,
Dot, I will stay by thy side,
Thy Oberon."

In the Chemistry Lab.
(Any Day.)

1:30—Experiments Nos. 54, 55, 56
due today.

1:31—Rustling of aprons and sup-
plies. Much ado about nothing.

1:45—Silence.

1:46—Staccato cries of "Hey, help,
neutralize my book, I got acid all over
it." After said book is neutralized,
silence reigns supreme.

2:15—Business of dignified Seniors
persuading unsuspecting girls and ig-
norant Freshies to smell, well—just to
smell. (Butyric acid, ask Foley what
it's like.)

2:30—Exit Hank, Hall, Bob McMur-
ray, and Fuzz by slow degrees to far
corner. "Naw, don't drag her, she
dances like a crutch." "Aw where do
you get that noise, she gets by like a
twin six." That, gentle readers, is an
excerpt of the great indoor sport,
"Discussing the Fine Points of the Sci-
entific Art of Fussing."

2:40—By an ingenious arrangement,
Walt Heiser and Cecil Jordan squirt
water into the eyes of unsuspecting
investigators.

2:46—Grand rush to complete ex-
periments.

2:54—Experiments complete.

2:55—Homeward bound (or to the
Circle) the embryo chemists cease
their labors to return again tomorrow.

—Fuzz.

Books to Be Published:

Stage-fright, What It Is and How to
Cure It—J. Burton Nelson.

The Process of Bristle Brush Mak-
ing—W. Heiser & D. Fitch.

Violating the Child Labor Law—
Hazel Grady.

The Downfall Behind the Scenes—
Bob Em Kelly.

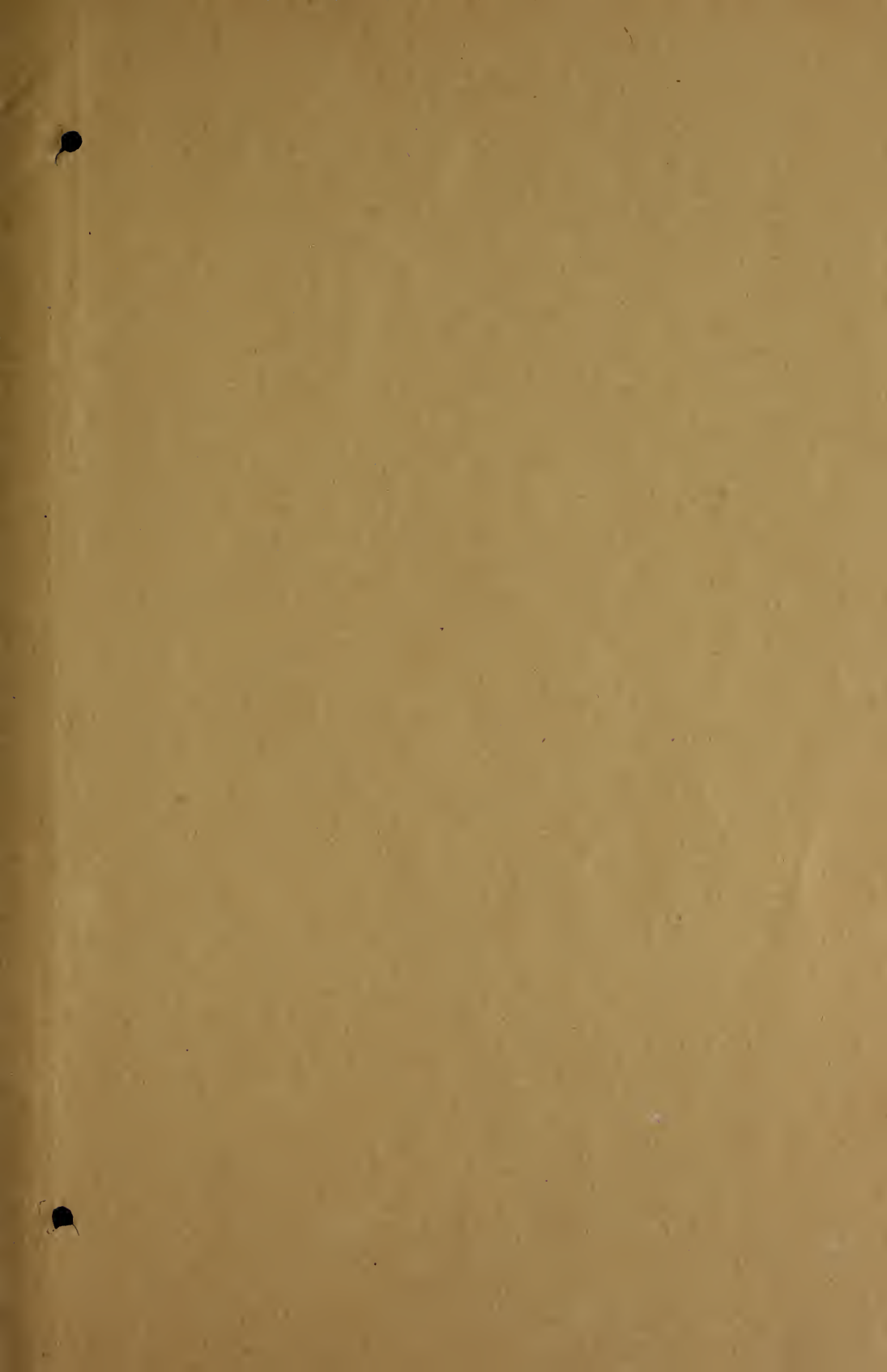
Directing a Jazz Band—Mme. Leona
Quinzoni.

Hints to Ballet Dancers—Harold
Snoke.

Since the prophet omitted the name
of Norman Littell, we will submit this
as the geni's vision for said person:
We came to the 44th floor of a build-
ing in which there was a room similar
to a doctor's office. There we found
Dr. McComb with a screw driver,
tightening up the screws in Norman
Littell's head. They had become loose
by hard usage during his eight years
in Manual Training.

—L. S.

The End Justifies the Means



Jack Andrews. - June 19 - Mahoy.
2740 Bellefontaine St - N. 2857.
E.M.T.H.S. - A France to(?)

Dear Sir,

With Love

From the same place
with affection
My dear friends
I am glad to hear
from you and hope
you are well.